

CANADIANS ON THE VELDT.

How Our Lads Are Being Drilled to Fight Scientifically
Against the Boers.

Belmont, Cape Colony, South Africa,
January 2.
(In Camp With the Royal Canadians.)

For nearly two weeks now the regiment has been guarding this important point on the lines of communication, and during the week much due progress has been made in efficiency. You must always bear in mind how young this battalion is. Tradition, custom and a sense of mutual acquaintance are mighty factors in the welding together of a military machine. The Torontonians has only to look at the various Toronto corps and see how each has its own most useful distinctive characteristics, to gain some idea of what this means. All these aids have been denied this regiment, which has sprung from the crisis-moment of a great thrice of Imperialism, which is composed of men who, drawn from every corner of the Dominion, cannot possibly be acquainted with one another, which stood as a unit on the parade ground only twice, once on Monday, October 30, in Quebec, once on Friday, December 1, in Cape Town, before being sent into the theatre of operations. An Imperial battalion moves to a campaign as a great family, whose officers have known one another for years, whose every rank is intimately acquainted with each other's characteristics. Our mutual acquaintances is coming to us, in ship, on the trains we so frequently board and alight from, in the camps we pitch and leave. A week is a long stage in the history of so juvenile a regiment, and we must look for the results of the week's work here.

First and foremost, I suppose, our fighting training has commenced. Col. Buchan, as I have already explained, has assumed command, and he daily has the regiment out on the veldt under the kopjes practising the formations which the dear bought experience of the front has prescribed. The Boers make a special practice of marking down the leaders of their foes, and we are told that they literally fire volleys at the officers and section commanders. Several regiments, we hear, have only five or six officers left.

This does not strike us as playing the game fairly, but we must accept things as we find them, and do the best we can to protect the leaders, whose presence means so much. The ordinary European formation, with the sergeants and officers conspicuously in rear of the firing line and in front of the supports, has been abandoned. Swords have been left at home, rifles are carried, rank marks are torn away, gay buttons are washed with yellow paint, helmets are covered.

More than that, the officers and non-coms, now get into the ranks, and the word is passed along, in lieu of the signals which make the leader so conspicuous in the deadly clearness of vision given to the battlefield by the devilish smokeless powder. And so our men daily skirmish up to the kopjes in long extended lines, officers and sergeants in the lines, to be distinguished only by the nearer fit of their uniforms and the coaching which they give the men. The formation adopted so far is much like what I think I have seen in some disquisitions described as the "wave" method. A succession of thinly extended lines advance upon the enemy, one line behind another, each so extended as to present the minimum target. As the objective point is reached the rear "waves" come up to join the "wave" in front, this feeding the firing line and developing its fire with gradually increasing intensity. Roughly speaking, this describes the general idea. In carrying it out various methods may be adopted. On one occasion the front and rear ranks of the companies worked separately, each turning a wave. On others the advance was made by alternate half companies or sections.

The formation which is most favored, and which we may count upon as being adopted, is as follows:—The rear rank supports the front rank at a distance of thirty paces. The men in each rank are at intervals of not less than five paces—remember, non-military reader that "distance" means space from front to rear, "interval" space from flank to flank. The companies in rear follow in the same formation at a distance from each other of from 80 to 100 paces. Thus a half battalion of four companies advancing on the enemy would present eight waves of thinly-scattered men. Col. Buchan has evolved the formation from what he has heard from the front, and it closely resembles the formations used by Lord Methuen's

army. The men of one regiment which has done good work without incurring too heavy a butcher's bill have told me that in their regiment—which underwent its battle training in the Tiah campaign—the interval was ten paces.

One corollary of the extension adopted is that volley firing seems likely to be abandoned, for the attack at all events. The men are too extended, and the control exercised by the officer would endanger him unduly. An officer's duties practically simmers down to giving the word for and starting each successive rush. As a matter of fact, the tactics in this portion of the theatre of war amount to a crushing cannonade, and an advance under cover of it by the infantry with fixed

numerous. The helmet-dyeing has not proved a permanent solution of the color difficulty, the rain having partially washed the coffee stains out. Most of the regiments here have their helmets covered by a species of khaki bag, the result being effective, though not especially ornamental. Puttees are a sore point. The great numbers of troops passing through Cape Town has proved a heavy drain on local resources, and khaki colored puttees cannot be had. The dark blue articles can be got, but it is pure murder to equip troops with them, as they offer a terrible mark. The officers here have them, but the men are still in their loose trousers. Wet and wearing have caused these to shrink not a little, and the effect is not beautiful. When the belated puttees do come, however, the appearance of the troops will improve immensely.

Looks, in any case, win no campaigns in this part of the world, and the Imperial battalions we meet are not remarkably spick and span.

Courtship Sundays.

The Dutch November, like our own June, is the month of marriages, but the



MAIN STREET CHRISTIAN CHURCH, ST. JOHN, N.B.

The Main street Christian church, an illustration of which is here given, will not be ready for occupancy until late in the spring. At present the frame is completed, but as yet a great deal has to be done before the edifice is ready for worship. When finished however it will be one of the prettiest little churches in New Brunswick and will add very greatly to the general aspect of the locality in which it is situated, viz: Douglas Avenue North End, near the corner of Main street, and on the lot of land formerly owned by Count de Bury. The congregation of Main street Christian

church is a small but energetic one and intend having their church all paid for when the last nail is driven, if it is at all possible. For several years they have been worshipping in Union Hall, under the spiritual leadership of Rev J. C. B. Appel, who is himself an indefatigable laborer. The new church is of wood and although the American architect has embellished the above scene with trees and vines, yet when the doors are thrown open in the approaching balmy days, the result of the builders' art will not differ in looks to any great extent, from the accompanying cut.

bayonets; the kopjes are practically impregnable to musketry, and it needs a combination of artillery fire and infantry steel to turn the Boers out.

In addition to the drill, a great deal of fatigue work is done by the men every day. The station is almost hourly in a better posture of defence. Military reasons forbid my telling how or where the work is being done, but done it is. The men make no complaint over this—they are learning that all sorts of duties are expected of a soldier, and they render their duty cheerfully. One thing is noticeable, that discipline is stiffening. The huddled conditions of the ship have disappeared, each company and each section can be dealt with individually, and as we get closer to the front the hand of authority tightens. "We're up against the real thing now," is a snatch of topical song occasionally heard in the lines and it is true enough. The appearance of the regiment, it must be confessed, is frankly, disreputable. The khaki uniform, excellent in many respects, is light enough in color to show the dirt stains which are inevitable in campaigning and the dirt stains are very

good people of Holland are more business-like in these matters than Americans are, and it is the usual thing with them to compress match making in all its branches within this single month. The four Sundays of November mark the four stages of the courtship, and each is known by its individual name, as "Review," "Decision," "Purchase," and "Possession" Sunday. On Review Sunday in every village, the whole population linger after church (while the young people parade about, youths and maidens gazing at each other, but shyly forbearing to speak. Decision Sunday is a long step forward. After the service, each bachelor approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow. He must be shrewd, for from her manner of responding he is to judge whether it is the part of wisdom or of danger to make further advances. If the test of Decision Sunday is safely passed, the suitor waits a week, and upon Purchase Sunday calls upon the parents of his beloved. With their approval, he may appear on Possession Sunday as a prospective bridegroom. November is chosen as the fittest month of the year because the hardest work of farming is over, and the comfortable time of gathering the harvest is the merriest season of all. Possibly, also, the Dutch lords of creation are not averse to having a wife to cook for them, and make them comfortable during the long winter.

The Whereabouts of the B.

Among the many good stories of legal lights which Sir Edward Russell has told in his recent book, "That Reminds Me," is one of a Sergeant Channell who had the English habit of hitting his B's.

One day before Mr. Justice Crewe a some-time sayer of sly and dry things, a ship case was being tried, and Sergeant Channell was on one side and Sir Frederic Trisiger on the other. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called her the Ellen; every time the other counsel mentioned her he called her the Helen. At last the judge, with quaint gravity, said: "Stop! What was the name of the ship? I have it in my notes—the Ellen and the Helen. Which is it?"

The bar grinned. Then Trisiger said, in his blandest and most fastidious manner:

"Oh, my lad, the ship was christened Helen, but she lost her h in the chops of the Channell."

Men and Women of Today.

The Excellent Luck of Mayor Hart.

Mayor Thomas N. Hart, of Boston, conducted his own campaign in a masterly manner. The situation was peculiarly delicate. Normally, Boston is Democratic, but at the December elections there was a bolting wing of the Democracy that threatened at the first sign of a mistake or the utterance of an unwise sentiment to return its allegiance to the Democratic candidate. Mr. Hart therefore planned for a short campaign with few speeches. There were no mistakes, and the bolting Democracy elected Mr. Hart.

When it was 'all over but the shouting,' Mr. Hart, in conversation with one of the Republican leaders, said:

"This campaign reminds me of the old Southern dandy who was brought before the court for stealing chickens."

"In what way?" some one asked.

"Why, the Judge asked the old man, looking at him sharply and speaking in his sternest manner: 'Were you ever in court before for stealing chickens?'"

"No, sah," said the colored brother with a grin; "I've been mighty lucky, sah."

"And so have I," said Mr. Hart with a hearty laugh.

What Mr. Cummings Would Have Done.

Before Amos J. Cummings was a Congressman he was managing editor of the New York Sun, and President of the New York Press Club. During his many years of active journalistic work Mr. Cummings' paper was first and foremost in his mind. That is one reason why he was always at the top of the profession. He unconsciously illustrated this characteristic at a social function of the Press Club. There were several amateur and two or three professional entertainers present. One of the latter was reciting a dramatic incident with marked force and finished elocution. Mr. Cummings sat at the head of the table deep in thought over the next day's paper.

"The murderer crept up to my bedside," whispered the elocutionist tremendously. "He thought I was asleep. But I was awake. Oh, awake! Hours passed between each tick of the watch under my pillow. He looked into my face and raised his keen knife above my head. Just as he was about to strike I heard a low whistle and the desperado leaped from the room and disappeared out the window. Now, sir, what do you suppose I did then?" he asked in thunderous tones.

Mr. Cummings came to for a moment. "I'd have hustled down to my office and written it up for my paper," he replied in a matter-of-fact way.

Alexander MacArthur's Surprise Party.

Alexander MacArthur, author of a successful study of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris, which brought to the writer both popularity and profit, is also the pupil and biographer of Rubinstein and is a close friend of Paderewski. The author lived for two years in St. Petersburg, correspond-

ing for the London press, and taking part in some thrilling adventures, but the most singular of the writer's experiences happened in Chicago after the novel had been brought out by a publisher of that city. The book had been so successful that the publisher decided to give the author a dinner to which a dozen of the leading men of letters in the Lake city were invited. The guests had assembled when the author was announced.

Through the blue haze of smoke there appeared a handsome young woman attired in evening dress.

"We are expecting Mr. MacArthur," said the host; "Mr. Alexander MacArthur, the novelist."

"So I understood," returned the unexpected guest. "I am Alexander MacArthur."

"You?" gasped the publisher. "Yes. Didn't you know? I am Lillian MacArthur, at your service. I have been writing over the name of Alexander even since I left my home in Dublin."

It was only the work of a minute to rearrange affairs, and the dinner was a great success.

Not According to Regulations.

Lord Roberts, the British commander in South Africa, is very popular among the rank and file, who usually refer to him as 'Bobs.' He began his career in 1851 as a second lieutenant in the artillery, and fought and worked his way up with remarkable success. No one better understands 'Tommy Atkins.' When near a barracks in India one day he was annoyed by several terriers belonging to the soldiers. The owners rushed forward, kicked the quadrupeds, and humbly apologized for their pets' misdeeds. The colonel listened and then said:

"They undoubtedly make good sentries, but I don't like the way they salute their superior officers."

A Novel Way to Dig Canals.

Prince Hohenlohe is a strong advocate of Emperor William's scheme for a great ship canal which will connect the interior of Germany with the ocean. In discussing the subject with one of the Agrarian nobles who opposes the project the latter said: "Your excellency, you will find the opposition to be a rock in the path of your canal."

The prince's eyes twinkled as he retorted, "We'll imitate the prophet Moses, smite the rock, and then the water will flow."

A Meteorological Surname.

The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Moderator of the church of Scotland, has a magnificent voice. An Englishman said to him one day, "Doctor, how do you pronounce your name?"

The doctor was somewhat taken aback, but answered with dignity and some force, "Think of a cloud, sir, a dark storm cloud."

"Thank you, doctor; but you need not use the voice of thunder to carry out the illustration."

"Now, Freddy, water, you know, will always run down hill."

"Oh, no, pa; not when it's froze."



This striking photograph represents the three-year-old son of Mrs. Jess. Potter of 394 South First Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., who says, under date of Sept. 23, 1899, regarding his cure of a disfiguring face humor: My baby's face was covered with ringworms. We could not lay a pin between the sores on his face and neck, and he was a sight to look at. Two doctors attended him for three weeks, without success, when I heard of Cuticura. I got a box of Cuticura Soap, and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I only applied them three days, when I could see his face was better, and in four weeks he was cured. His face is as clear as a bell, and not a mark on it.

In all the world there is no treatment so pure, so sweet, so economical, so speedily effective for distressing skin and scalp humors of infants and children as CUTICURA. A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single anointing with CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures, followed when necessary by a mild dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep to both parent and child, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. POTTER, DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Baby Humors," free.

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